

HELP!

DID
KHRUSHCHEV
TAKE BACK
ALL
THE BASES
?



A black and white photograph of a man in a dark suit and tie, standing outdoors next to a dark-colored car. He is leaning forward slightly, with his right hand resting on the front fender of the car. In the background, another car is visible, and there are trees. A speech bubble originates from the man's head area.

Check the gas.
We've got to get this
car moving again.
With vigah.

HELP!

VOL. 2, NO. 6 MAY

HARVEY KURTZMAN editor
JAMES WARREN publisher
TERRY GILLIAM associate editor
HARRY CHESTER production



**Eugene
Talmadge
and
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WEEKEND**
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GENIUS
OF**
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**THE
LAST DAYS
OF
BURLESQUE**



EDITOR'S PREFACE

FUMETTI

This issue's fumetti was for us a kind of fumetti spectacular, taking us three times longer to shoot than the usual.

Past fumettis have demanded props like sports cars, motorcycles, boats, and airplanes. But, this time we had to get a mountain. And a mountain we got... Mt. Snow in Vermont... an ideal mountain and a skier's paradise. Equipped with a concentration of ski lifts second to none, Mt. Snow is one of the biggest ski-resorts in the country—nay, the world—and one of the most comfortable, we might add, complete with modern, icicle festooned, Swiss chalet-type lodges and



Mt. Snow—the mountain minus Mohammed

huge open fireplaces surrounded by chicks in stretch pants.

Mt. Snow certainly did open our eyes to skiing.

We included in our fumetti cast—Miss Ideal Pin-up, Miss Full Measure, Miss National Laugh Week, Miss National Publishers Queen, Miss Ridge Lanes, Miss Naked Martini, and the 1961 Shillagh Queen all compressed into a single girl—one K.C. Townsend (see photo). By day K.C. wins titles, by night she becomes K.C. Townsend—Broadway actress. In the second side of her dual existence, she scored rave reviews as Gloria Rasputin in the New York touring company and the Las Vegas production of "Bye Bye

Birdie"

We also brought along an old friend familiar to all HELPI! readers—some people call him Jim Hampton (pronounced Smith), others call him, "Hey boy!", but, we call him as we see him. Jim, you will probably recall, starred in several of our previous fumettis.

One of those chicks hanging around the fire place when we arrived at Mt. Snow was Sally Mock, whom we convinced to make her acting debut in this issue of HELPI! The result of this deal, was the addition of that touch of authenticity needed in such a story as ours. Sally was the only member of our troop that could really ski.



K. C. Townsend

LETTERS

HELPI! #17 came out today and I guess you're waiting for us readers to ask the details behind that cover. WOW! Well... I'm not going to. I kinda' think it's not gentlemanly, or good etiquette, or like that, to ask each other about such things... But, boy, if I were

saney's back... Arnold Roth, Harry Purvis, and Bernard Shir-Cli!

I agree with reader Bob Taylor's "Dirty" Bob of old comic book days) facts, but not his conclusion. Sex has saved HELPI! I don't think anyone will pretend that good satire will sell a magazine. For the most part, we plebeians just don't understand, or care to exercise enough thought to understand smart and sophisticated satire. A study of which TV comedies make it, and which ones are dropped, easily reveals that Americans are still in the infant stage of understanding of satire... we still dig slapstick—the obvious. I contend that you were faced with a decision: Produce another fine satirical magazine, such as HUMBUG, which would be pre-doomed, or lowering your standards. Your answer was the production of a good satire magazine—spiked with sex for mass appeal! CLEVER.

PHIL ROBERTS
Bronson, Mich.

I have purchased every issue of your magazine. Usually I have a broad sense of humor but, I must voice my objection to several items in your Febru-

Look out for Teddy,
or chest!



Constant harping

ary, 1963, issue.

Your picture of Ted Kennedy simply brings up once again a dead letter. It is surprising that, since he has more than made up for his cheating, you and others must constantly harp on this issue. Surely you can do better.

Another item brings up a personal point. To me blindness is probably the worst thing that could happen to a person. Your cartoon on page 9 is in very poor taste, poking distasteful fun at a horrible handicap.

I feel my objections are well-founded but, I do find enough to enjoy to keep me buying it. Keep up the good work.

LT. WILLIAM VALLOW
Whiteman AFB, Mo.

LT. Vallow's letter has for us profound observations which we enjoyed reading. Particularly his last paragraph.—eds.

I liked the Miss Lace reprints, although I've seen them before, or many of them at least, in an early issue of PLAYBOY. How about some reprints of material by T. S. Sullivan? The Gilliam cartoon was well done. His style is somewhat like David Levine's—only wilder. The fumetti was pretty good—only a little long. That "I'll pay for the



Cover #17

your cute wife, I'd grab my ball of yarn and come right down to old 501 and keep an eagle eye on you!

Seriously, the issue was a fine one—one of the best HELPIs yet. It's grand to see some of the old order of in-



Nearly killed

COVER

When we asked Fidel Castro to pose for this issue's cover, it was beyond our wildest dreams that he would actually consent. As it turned out, we were right. He turned us down cold. But, we got the second best thing to Fidel. We got none other than Charlie Brown, not to be confused with Snoopy's Charlie Brown. Transforming musicologist Charlie Brown's blond, blue-eyed, and bushy-tailed head into a replica of the famed revolutionary's wasn't easy. But, with the aid of a little nose putty, some hair of the dog, and a Mr. Potato-Head set, Charlie was remade into Fidel.

Incidentally, the snappy baseball equipment Fidel's using on the cover was provided by Spalding.

BURLESQUE AND CULTURE

In these enlightened times when the government is pushing culture, it's amazing how widespread culture has become. Ann Corio's new show, **THIS WAS BURLESQUE**, which we sent Arnold Roth to sketch (pg. 39) is called, for instance, "a



Government Pushing Culture

banana, of course" nearly killed me.

JAY LYNCH
North Miami, Fla.

For years I've been trying to get a letter into one of Harvey Kurtzman's magazines. Not getting even one letter in out of the hundreds I wrote, I started to think **HELP!** writers wrote the letters themselves. But, I have to say, "I'm sorry," because in Vol. 2 #4 I got not only one, but two in. So, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

STEPHEN GORDON
Los Angeles, Calif.

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STEPHEN GORDON
Los Angeles, Calif.

What the hell happened to the Goodman Beaver cartoon?

GARY DENHAM
Oklahoma City, Okla.

musical satire" and "legitimate theatre"! That's culture for you. And it's a good thing too, because if they called **THIS WAS BURLESQUE**, "burlesque" they'd be zoomed over the state line faster than you could snap a G-string.

SKIPPY

Those of you who get sick to your stomach at the darling little children that populate TV and who like your kids with a touch of larceny in the great Huck Finn, Tom Sawyer tradition... we've got good news for you—**SKIPPY**, one of cartoonism's most lovable most rotten little kids. We present him in a collection of some of artist Percy Crosby's earliest and best work on page 33.

WONDER WARTHOG

It's a bird! It's a plane! It's Wonder Warthog! Yes, for the second time the Hog of Steel graces the pages of **HELP!** bringing law and order to Multalode and dodging those who would make the pig eat pie.

The inventor of Wonder Warthog (alias the Hog of Tomorrow, the Good Pig) is one Gilbert Shelton—roll that name across your tongue a few times.

In actuality, the world's oldest living 22-year-old humor magazine editor, Gilbert holds down the helm of the **TEXAS RANGER** at the University of Texas in (of all places) Austin, Texas. Weaned scarcely a year now (a fact which he incessantly and audibly bemoans), Gilbert says the idea for **WW** came to him in a semi-religious moment. "I was on top of this big hill," he relates, "when the clouds parted and a fella in a long flow-

ing beard and suede leotards appeared, pointed a bony finger at me and says: 'Draw funny pictures.' Sumbitch, I says, 'I'll do her. And I done her.'

Teaming up with Shelton for this particular episode from the career of the Super Swine is Ranger Exchange Editor, Bill Killeen. All we know of the elusive Killeen is what little we have been fortunate enough to garnish from the scratchy pen of G.S. It seems that Bill is an important sort with the Ranger crowd, having the responsibility of selecting the shade of white for the pages of the magazine and, moreover, the job of designing the straight line borders around the ads. With reports like these finding their way out of Texas, we'll certainly go out on a limb and say that Bill Killeen can't be bad.



Shelton and Killeen



Gone, not forgotten

At home we had an old man who never stood still. He just whirled and whirled until his lips became so long that he couldn't swim. His head became thinner and thinner and suddenly he looked like a coot. Then we began to notice his name-days. At first we wrote them on a piece of fish and then we put it with an umbrella in an empty preserve bin.

Our grandfather was a lucky guy, he had his own beard when he went to a movie. One day in May we took the beard from him and dipped it in a cap. When the cap was blue we made some salt and put

the salt and the old cap in a wardrobe. After four or five years the whirling man took it and ate it.

Now we thought that the man had to stop whirling because it was his name-day and he was very ill.

Then grandfather came home and he took a ladder and went into his book to search for some flowers. She (grandmother) became very angry when she saw the dog and screamed, "You young fool."

GRANDFATHER IS VERY DULL!!

At last all the doors were opened and everyone came in to the room and began to pick nuts. (serru)!!!

KARIN MORLIG
Helsingborg, Sweden

We've whirled and whirled, and we haven't been able to find our name-day. Wasn't it? —eds.

Gone are those happy fundays when once a month, every month, a shiny new **HELP!** would smile up at me from the magazine counter. **HELP!** was young then and 68 pages plump. Yes, 68 pages, and there were even articles in **PROSE** that you could READ! I remember George Kirgo had his own little column—Ahl But

where is he now? . . . And Roth and Coker who used to go to lots of real neat places like Moscow and Berlin and Cuba, where are they? . . . And the "KISSIES"! Alas, poor "KISSIES", I knew them well! . . . And . . . Ah! But there I go again . . . And I came here tonight to forget! Play on good gypsies, play!

RAY EVANS
Brisbane, Australia



Kisses remembered

Please address all mail to **HELP!** letters, Department 18 501 Madison Avenue, N. Y.



My God,
"Hot" and "Cold".

CONTINUED WALT DISNEY PICTURES PRESENTS





INGMAR BERGMAN'S THE VIRGIN SPRING







I hope
Ed Sullivan
is looking.

Let me tell
you about Eugene
Talwadge, Thomas
Jack and
Helen
but the right word
is a lady, and
it is a lady, and
it is a lady.

**Eugene
Talwadge
and
Sears
Roebuck
Co.**

By
William
Fries
Fox

JACK
DAN

Everybody saw him and everyone remembers him and those that didn't see him will lie like hell and say they did.

But some nights when the wind is right and the air is right and the 'gators and the frogs are quiet and the negroes aren't shooting craps and making a lot of fuss right under the window, you can hear Old Gene shouting out there on that flat red clay of the feed store, or else stomping back and forth in those steel-heeled brogans on Thompson's gallery.

But let me tell you about him, . . .

First of all, when he came to town the school and the poolroom and the feed store would close down. And then they'd start coming—through the windows and through the doors, I don't know where they didn't come from. There weren't too many roads then and every mule and buckboard and Ford would come flopping out of the back country and across the fields and through the drain ditch and up onto Route One. Route One was narrow in those days, only two lanes and no shoulders, and some of those mules couldn't stand the sight of cars. And some of those Ford drivers couldn't stand the sight of other Ford drivers.

Well, the mules would start kicking the cars and there would be the first fight. And then the Ford drivers would race across a fallow field or down the highway and, win or lose, there would be another fight. And finally they'd lock front bumpers and see which six-cylinder engine was in better shape. They'd push one another back and forth until one would go skidding down into the drain ditch between the field and the highway. And then all the mules would be needed to come pull them out. The drivers would make up and they'd start drinking right down there in that drain ditch where the wives couldn't see them.

Gene usually carried a musician along. I guess you could call him a musician, he played a four-string guitar, which isn't much to listen at, and he had him a harmonica wired from his collar to

his mouth. He'd play a hymn to get it started and then one of those freight-train songs with a lot of the same base chords on the guitar and a lot of sucking noises on the mouth harp. You know what I mean. . . .

There wasn't much music around then and everyone would slap their hands and pat their feet. And somebody would say, "Lord, listen at him," and "It's exactly like a train," and "Will you study that man's fingers." And this fellow, he'd probably be from Macon or Valdosta, would grin like an ape and he'd play faster and louder and suck that fool mouth harp until you thought his eyeballs would pop right out. And if Old Gene wasn't there to stop him he'd play himself crazy.

But Old Gene was there and he'd come out on the gallery or else get up on the tailgate and he'd ease his hand onto the musician's shoulder. "Easy now, Sheldon, easy now. Let 'em down slow now. I'm here to get some votes."

And he'd smile out at the crowd and they'd grin right back. "I don't want these good folks getting all worked up and dancing off into that swamp."

Then he'd laugh and they would laugh and then he'd say, "They can't vote from out there."

And old Sheldon would grin and he'd play a little more alto and no bass and all the time the train sound on the mouth harp would be getting fainter and fainter and farther away. And finally, we'd listen at it disappear into some green hills or mountains and we standing right there on that flat clay in Calhoun County. I got to admit, he was pretty good when he did that. The men's eyes would be shining and some of the women would be in tears.

Old Gene would wait a while. One thing you got to say for Gene . . . that rascal knew how to wait. He had the longest pause in the state.

Then he'd stop waiting. He'd rare back on those steel heels and dig his thumbs into his wide red suspenders. He always wore a pair of overall pants and a blue shirt, big buck brogan shoes, a flat

canary yellow wide-brimmed straw hat and those fancy loud orange-red suspenders with brass catches, latches and slides. Oh, he was something all right. He wasn't big but he looked big, you know what I mean? A big smile, a bright gold tooth and those blue eyes . . . he had the derriest eyes you ever saw. They sparkled when he wanted them to like he had just come from some secret war or something. Like he'd see it all and heard it all and he'd kept it secret just for us. Like it had been a hard secret to keep but he had saved it for us and now that he was among his friends he was going to whisper it to us.

"Howdy, folks."

I know it sounds corny but that's where he was great. He could take those two words and make them into something personal, something so special you could feel the crowd kind of folding in towards him . . . no lie, I mean it. He could really do that thing.

Then he'd turn those eyes on and make them think some enemy was listening from the swamp or from the end of the drain ditch. The crowd would look over their shoulders and they'd move closer.

And now the crowd was ready and Old Gene was ready. Hell, I don't know why he ever had to speak around here. He never lost more than seventeen votes all total in all of Calhoun County the whole time he was in office. I guess he just liked to feel that crowd around him.

Well, he'd start off with some mule or nigger joke and the crowd would laugh until he had to make them stop. And then his old routine . . . it went like this. . . .

"Everybody getting plenty to eat?"

A few people in the crowd would say "We're all right, Gene."

"Well, let me hear it. . . ."

Then the whole crowd: "We're all right, Gene."

There were two men leaning on a buckboard about thirty yards back and two more sitting in a Ford by the drain ditch.

Gene raised his voice, "How 'bout you men back there? You, Peevy, what do you say?"

"We're fine, Gene."

"Now that's better. You know I got to save my voice for that Atlanta crowd. Now let's see. . . ." He'd hold up his left hand and start counting fingers with his right.

"You asked for a new road near Amos Jones' field and you got it . . . right?"

"That's right, Gene."

Second finger . . . "You asked for a new room on the school and you got that . . . right?"

"That's right, Gene."

"You wanted some help on the church and a coat of paint and you got that . . . right?"

"That's right, Gene."

"And you got that new well and ditch up near Peevy's place and all that good, free, clean, convict labor . . . right?"

"That's right, Gene."

"Well then, everybody's all right then."

And he'd smile hard and his eyes would flash. He'd pull his suspenders way out and hold them out while he smiled. And he'd stand like that while the crowd roared. And then real easy-like he'd stop smiling and start easing up on his suspenders. The crowd would sense it and they'd start quieting down. Then Gene stopped smiling and turned his suspenders loose. The crowd grew silent. Gene looked serious, and then more serious. There would be no sound from the crowd. Small boys stopped moving, dogs stood still, Sheldon stopped picking his nose. Gene glared into the swamp at the enemy. The tension grew. You could have heard a grasshopper fart.

"There's some talk going on around this state . . ." He stopped, looked at the swamp, at the field, at the drain ditch. He leaned forward and began talking low.

"There's a lot of talk going on now. A lot of talk. A lot of foul, filthy, low, rotten-egg-sucking talk that I'm stealing

money. That I'm stealing money, lying, cheating and laying around in them (pardon me, ladies) Savannah houses . . ."

Someone shouted, "All lies, Gene."

"Let me finish, Murdock. I want it all out in the open. Now I've always said that if it's the truth it will out. And if it's the truth and I'm guilty of all these things, I want you to know here and now that I'll step right down out of this office and let the accuser take over. Now haven't I always said that?"

"You have, Gene," Murdock said. "All lies, Gene, all damn foul lies. Tell us, Gene. Let's hear his name, Gene. Tell me the sonofabitch's name and I'll fix his ass."

"Hush now, Murdock. Excuse him, ladies. No, no more Murdock. I want this conducted in an orderly manner. Well, I know you're my friends and probably my only friends. I tell you I get down in that Atlanta town and I can't tell who's biting me in the back. I know you want his name. I also know if I give you his name it won't go no farther than that drain ditch. No farther than my own people."

"Tell us, Gene."

Gene folded his hands in front and stared the crowd down again. "How many of us are blameless?"

He found Preacher Jeffcoat in the crowd and talked right at him. "How many of us are blameless? How many of us have laid awake thinking of ways to sin?"

Jeffcoat said, "Amen."

"Thoughts of anger, lust, greed. I say all of us. You and me and all of us. Every man jack one of us is guilty—and I mean we know it. How many men right here right now . . . bow many women right here, right now, can raise their hands and say they have a clear conscience—right now at this moment?"

There were no hands.

"I say very few, very few. Indeed, very few."

"Amen."

Gene bowed his head. "I'd like to mention this fellow's name but it ain't fair. I am guilty of so many things

before God. I don't want to add the sin of informing on one of my fellow men. I am guilty of so many things but I try to overcome them. Lord, I keep trying and I'm going to try now. I don't believe I can reveal this man's name and consider myself a good Christian."

"Amen."

Gene paused again and then finished up with: "All I ask is that when these rumors start spreading over this fair county. I want you to think back to this day when Old Gene stood before you and begged for your forgiveness and your understanding."

Great bursts of applause . . .

"We're with you, Gene . . . We're with you, Gene."

Gene let them settle down and then he waved Sheldon back on with his music. And then after the music . . . the grand finale.

Gene stood in the very center of the gallery and rared up as tall as he could and snapped his suspenders. He addressed the men and the women in the back row.

"You got three friends in this here world and I want you to know it."

"Tell us, Gene."

He raised one finger, pointed it at the sun and spoke to the back row and the two men leaning on the buckboard.

"You got Sears Roebuck Company—and I want you to know it."

"That's right, Gene."

A second finger . . . a louder voice to the back row . . . the two leaning on the buckboard and the two seated in the Ford by the drain ditch drinking corn whisky out of a mayonnaise jar.

"You got God Almighty—and I want you to know it."

"That's right, Gene."

And then he crashed his steel heels into the gallery boards, snapped his suspenders, rared back like he was going to lift a whole bale of cotton single-handed and roared to the men by the buckboard, the men in the Ford, to the sky, the swamp and down the drain ditch the length of Calhoun County. . . .

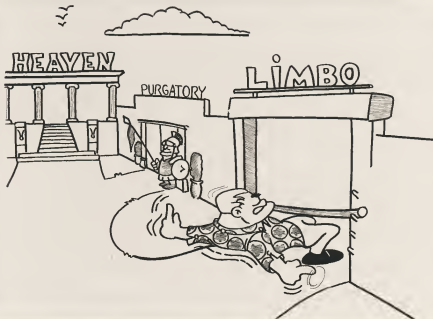
"And you got Eugene Herman Tamadge of Sugar Hill, Georgia, and I want you to know it." END



M. Leiba

help's public gallery

We welcome contributions to this feature. HELP will pay a monetary \$5.00 for every slide cartoon used. Mail submissions to HELPI 951 Madison Avenue, New York City. Please be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope to ensure return of all rejections

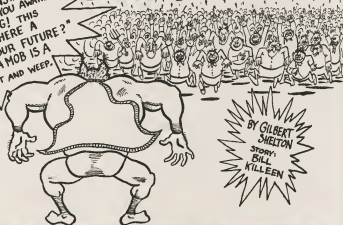


Larry Walker

WONDER WART-HOG

MEETS THE MOB!

IN THE FIRST OF FOUR
OR POSSIBLY 83 INSTALLMENTS
DESIGNED TO KEEP YOU AWAKE
NIGHTS—BARFING! THIS
EPISODE: "IS THERE A
WART-HOG IN YOUR FUTURE?"
OR "A MOB IS A MOB IS A
MOB." READ IT AND WEEP.



BY GILBERT
SHELTON
STORY:
BILL
KILLEEN

NIGHT— QUIET, MOONLESS, PEACEFUL NIGHT—
REIGNS TRIUMPHANTLY OVER THE
NEAR-EMPTY STREETS AND AVENUES OF
SPRAWLING MUTHALOODE CITY. IN HIS SUBURBAN
RETREAT, PHILBERT DESENEK, TIMID, MILD-MANNERED
REPORTER FOR A GREAT MEGATROPOLITAN NEWS-
PAPER SITS, REAPING THE REWARDS OF A
HARD DAY'S WORK...

SIGH!



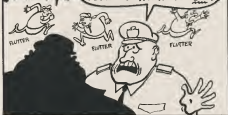
MEANWHILE, HOWEVER, A SUDDEN FLURRY OF
ACTIVITY STIRS THE DOWNTOWN MUTHALOODE
POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

CHIEF! WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO? IT'S
THE MOB AGAIN! THEY JUST HIT TOWN IN
THAT SAME OLD '48 STUDEBAKER, AND
THEY'RE RUNNING AROUND LOOTING AND
PILLAGING AND KILLING PEOPLE! AND
YOU REMEMBER WHAT THEY DO TO THE
WOMEN! IT'S AWFUL, CHIEF!



I HAD A FEELING SOMETHING LIKE THAT WAS UP! I COULD TELL BY THE FLURRY OF ACTIVITY THAT WAS STIRRING THE MUTHALODE POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

NEVER MIND THAT, CHIEF! TELL US WHAT TO DO!



WHAT TO DO? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU PLAN TO DO, BUT I'M GONNA PUT A STOP TO THIS PROBLEM IMMEDIATELY!

YOU MEAN.... YOU MEAN YOU'RE GONNA GO OUT AND GET 'EM, CHIEF? ALL BY YOUR OWN SELF? THE WHOLE MOB?



OF COURSE NOT, YOU IDEALIST IDIOT! I MEAN I'M GONNA QUIT THE BLOODY FORCE! I DIDN'T MIND THIS JOB WHEN ALL I HAD TO DO WAS GIVE OUT PARKING TICKETS AND BUST UP WILD PARTIES AND SELL TICKETS TO THE POLICEMEN'S BALL, BUT I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'M GONNA MESS WITH FOR-REAL CRIMINALS!

HELL, THAT'S DANGEROUS! I COULD GET HURT!



WE CAN'T JUST RUN OUT AND LEAVE THE CITY AT THE MERCY OF THE MOB! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO - WE MUST SUMMON TO THE FRAY THAT FEARLESS, INVINCIBLE CHAMPION OF JUSTICE... THAT UNVANQUISHED SYMBOL OF RIGHT...

THE LONE RANGER?

V. DARRELL ROYAL?

LOYD EDMONDS?



WE MUST RECRUIT NONE OTHER THAN THE GALLANT WONDER WART HOG!

THEN WE RUN OUT AND LEAVE THE CITY AT THE MERCY OF THE MOB!



TO THE ROOF! IT'S TIME FOR THE HOGSIGNAL!





LAUGH IF YOU WILL, BUFFOONS, BUT REMEMBER THAT I CAN DESTROY EVERY ONE OF YOU WITHIN SECONDS IF I WISH!

I JUST DON'T FEEL LIKE IT RIGHT NOW!



OH, HORRORS! THIS IS STRAWBERRY RHUBARB PIE, AND I'M ALLERGIC TO STRAWBERRY RHUBARB! MY SUPER-STRENGTH IS COMPLETELY NULLIFIED, AS IT WERE! OH, MOAN! I'LL LIE HERE FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS AND PERISH IN IGNOMINY! WHAT A PATHETIC END FOR THE NOBLEST, WART-HOG OF THEM ALL! WAIL! CRY!



HA! THOUGHT YOU HAD ME THERE, EH? WELL, PERHAPS YOU DON'T REMEMBER WHO I AM!

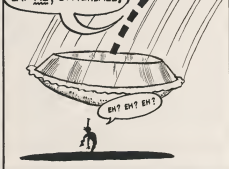
ARE YOU KIDDIN', PORKY?

HOW MANY PIGS YOU THINK GO RUNNIN' AROUND IN A RED-AND-GREEN FAIRY SUIT? YOU GROW UP IN A NEW YORK STREET GANG OR SOMETHIN'?

MAYBE HE READS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE! HAW HAW HAW!



EAT PIE, BUTTERBALL!



IS THIS, THEN, THE END FOR THE SUPER-SWINE? IS THERE ANYTHING IN THE VAST REACHES OF TIME AND SPACE THAT CAN YET SAVE THE HOG FROM THIS SEEMINGLY IMMINENT FATE? TUNE IN NEXT ISSUE, WHEN WONDER WART HOG FACES THE MOST CRITICAL CRISIS OF HIS ENTIRE CAREER WHILE THE FANATICAL MOB RUNS LOOSE IN MUTHALODE ...



To be continued...



Paul Merta

"Get out that little old winemaker."



Dennis Ellerson



Don Edwing

Steward Schwarzborg



"I hate to take you in kid. Believe me,
I really don't enjoy being on the vice squad."

Peter Brock

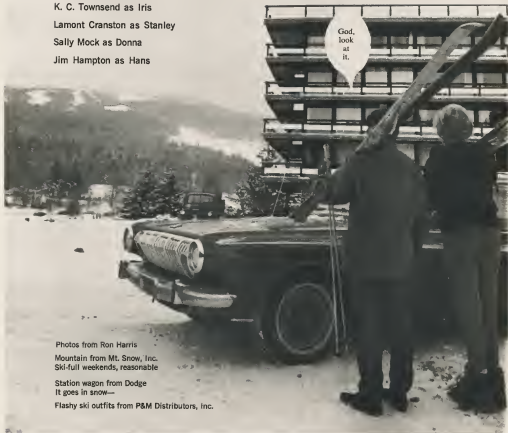


"Due to technical difficulties, the moon
shot has been delayed another time."

THE SKI WEEKEND

BY
WILLARD
MANUS

K. C. Townsend as Iris
Lamont Cranston as Stanley
Sally Mock as Donna
Jim Hampton as Hans



Photos from Ron Harris
Mountain from Mt. Snow, Inc.
Ski-full weekends, reasonable

Station wagon from Dodge
It goes in snow—

Flashy ski outfits from P&M Distributors, Inc.



Doesn't
the sight
of it get you
right here?

Excite-
ment?

No . . .
nausea.



Why couldn't
I be going
out with a
balletomane?
A *bouta nova*
fend? A hi-fi
bug? Why a
skier?

Let's strike a bargain.
Should you come to hate
skiing, I'll never ask you
away again. But you at
least have to give the
sport a fair try.
Agreed?



If my
Blue Cross
weren't paid
up, I'd say
no, Iris.

Hey wait . .
don't leave
me!

Relax, darling. You'll
soon learn how to ski, and
then we'll have so much
fun together this
winter



What guys
won't do to
make it with
a chick.



... up ... up
to the sum-
mit ...



... Tenzig
battling
K-89.



Victory!



Hey,
this is
nice.



Look at
me ... I'm
skiing!



Hey ...
how do
you stop?




Help!
OH! LOOK-
OUT!



I'm sorry. I hope I didn't hurt
you ... My first day on skis —

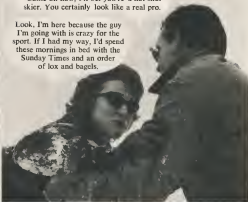
That's all right. No damage
done. Not so long ago, I was
in your very shoes. Impossible
sport, isn't it?





I've been out exactly a minute
and a half and I'm already to quit.

You're
a man
after
my own
heart.



Come on now, I'll bet you're a hot shot
skier. You certainly look like a real pro.

Look, I'm here because the guy
I'm going with is crazy for the
sport. If I had my way, I'd spend
these mornings in bed with the
Sunday Times and an order
of lox and bagels.




Com-
rade!

Well . . . I'm
getting cold
standing around.
Lots of luck.



Yoo-hoo, Stan!
We're all set. Meet our
instructor . . . he's an
Austrian . . .



Hans Getzman, Olympic
medalwinner in downhill skiing,
Squaw Valley, 1960!

Stanley Glass,
All-Schoolyard, Bronx,
P.S. 96, 1943.



Come!
We go up the
mountain now!
It's time to ski —
... to *achurs* with the
wind whistling
through our
hair. *Yo-de-
le-hey-hoo!*

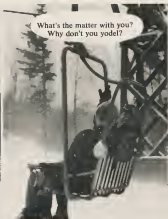
Isn't
he cute!
And what
a skier!



Ah, this is schön, hah? Zer schön!
Like Austria. It makes you want to
yodel, no? YO-DO-LO-LO-LEE!



What's the matter with you?
Why don't you yodel?



I'm
o-o-o cold.



Kalt? By God, if you think this is *kalt* you should
have been in Russia in the winter of '42. That, mein
friend was *kalt*! . . . All right, now we ski! You
first. Show me what you can do.



Very nice, but
maybe just a
little more
kniebeugen.
Bend in the
knees.



You come now.

Come?
But what
should I
do?



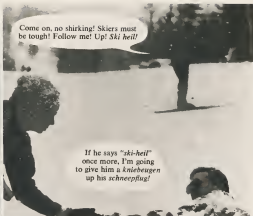
Schneep-
flug!

What?

SCHNEEP-
FLUG!
SNOW PLOW!
Don't you know
what a snow-
plow is?











HOW
DO YOU
RATE THE
SKIING
HERE?

INTER-
ESTING, BUT
ONE CAN'T
COMPARE IT
WITH THE
VALLUGA-
GIPFEL
IN ST.
ANTON.



WILL
YOU BE
TRAINING
FOR THE
GIANT
SLOLOM
DOWN IN
CHILE
AGAIN
THIS
SUMMER?

I LIKE
SKIING
ALL YEAR
ROUND, BUT
THERE'S THE
DANGER OF
BECOMING
OVER-
TRAINED



Donna, baby
you're the loveliest
skiamanship instructor
that ever lived.

You're sweet, and I
could do this all day, but I think
we'd better be getting back to the
slopes. We both have people to meet
Hey, there's mine now!



Hanssy,
darling... how
did it go? Did
you have a nice
morning?

Of course.
I skied like
a bird for
two hours!



I want you to
meet Hans. Isn't
he beautiful?

I'll say he is.
What a skier!
What a morning!
Say! Why don't the
four of us go ice-
skating together.



I've got
him on my
own ground now
and I'm going to
show him up
but good.

How about it,
Hanssy? Let's put
the blades on!



Look, Hanssy? . . . Backwards!
Can you do that, Hanssy?

I think so.



I should
warn
you.



I toured
five years in
Europe —



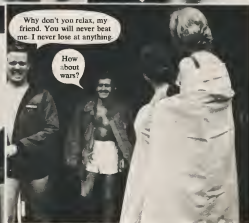
—skating with
Sonja Heinie . . .



YO-DE-LE-HEY-HOO!
So what now? Maybe you
want to race me at
swimming?

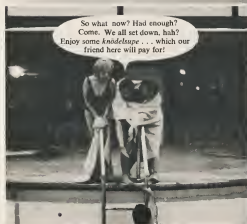
I've got a five spot
says I'll beat you!

Stan, you're
acting like a
child.



Why don't you relax, my
friend. You will never beat
me. I never lose at anything.

How
about
wars?









Percy Crosby

PERCY CROSBY cartoons have come to our attention in three publications...the earliest, an AEF regimental book way back out of World War I, where Crosby was apparently the regimental cartoonist overseas on the French front. We next found Crosby in a dusty collection of LIFE magazines—the old LIFE magazines, circa 1923, when Crosby created Skippy. Finally, we remember the last of Percy Crosby and Skippy in the comic sections of the Hearst papers. Though still alive, Crosby has vanished from the public scene.

Generally, we view “cute kid” subject matter with a jaundiced eye. Whenever we find ourselves in the presence of fiction about mom, the flag, and cute little kids, we are overcome with a sense of euphoria.

But, not so with genius Crosby's Skippy.

Skippy is one of those “cute little kids” who has just enough juvenile delinquency and larceny in his head to make him believable.

You'll see what we mean in the pages ahead.



SKIPPY



Skippy: “Officers, front and center”



— “March.”



Skippy: "I'm hookin' this medal on ya for very conspicuous bravery."
"Hot dog, General!"



Sooky: "Where's the kiss what goes wid it?"
"Gwan! There ain't goin' to be a kiss."



Sooky: "The medal's no good widout a kiss. Didn't I saw Gen. Foch wid me own eyes kiss the army in the pictures?"
"I don't care—it don't look nice."



Skippy: "Besides, who ever heard o' Grant 'n' Lee running' around playin' post office with the army?"
"I want the kiss what goes wid me medal."



Skippy: "Now listen! Forget about the kiss 'n' I'll pin the Balkan Cross on ya—yes, 'n' I'll throw in the Russian Sabie Legion, too."
"I want the kiss what goes wid me medal!"



Skippy: "Why don't you go home and take a hot bath 'n' maybe I'll kiss ya."
"Taint the first o' the month."



Sooky: "I—want—the—kiss—what—goes—wid—me—medal!"
"Listen lay off'n me before I butter the sidewalk wid ya!"



!!!



Skippy: "Well! I'll say that's gettin' out of it very nice."



Skippy: "How is Mr. Krausmeyer today?"
"Much better."
"That's nice."



Skippy: "Oh, well."



"I thought I'd drop around and see how Mrs. Cooper was feelin' these days."
"She's sittin' up now."
"I thought maybe she wasn't."



Skippy: "And how is Mr. Grout today?"
"Oh! Oh! Dr. Dodds says he's much worse."
"I'll come around again tomorrow."



"Dr. Dodds oughta know."



"Maybe there'll be something in Dugston."



"Gee!"



"Wilkins!"



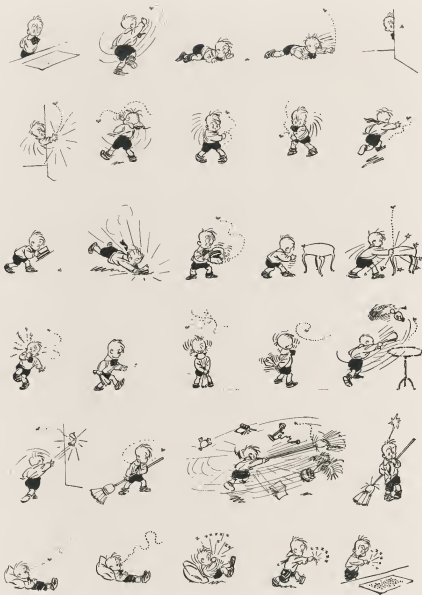
Skippy: "I just seen your ad on the gate."
"Go 'way! Go 'way!"



"Hey, Chimney! Yool Hoot!"



Skippy: "Well, I suppose ya heard the latest! After Easter all us choir ginks get double pay for singin' at funerals."



Skippy decides to start the fly paper.



Skippy: "A chawklet soda!"



Skippy: "Wait! How much is the strawberry?"

Man: "Same price—well, what's it goin' to be, strawberry or chawklet?"
Skippy: "Guess ya better make it lemon."



Man: "Who knows, maybe it's watermelon ye're after."

Skippy: "Have ya got watermelon?"



Man: "Oh! Get the h... outa here!"
Skippy: "Why, Mr. Barkenteen!"



Skippy: "So! Then ya don't want my trade, huh, Mr. Barkenteen?"

Man: "I'm so sure of it that I'll be crackin' something besides ice if ya don't beat it."

Skippy: "Well, big boy, if I don't see ya again, Merry Christmas!"



"There's no holdin' him since he's been gettin' the canary pennies. Don't need my trade, ho-ho. I'll split me sides laffin'!"



Skippy: "A pineapple soda, Mrs. Dusenberry, and I want to take it out."



Skippy: "Well, I must say, Mrs. Dusenberry certainly does turn out a very elegant soda!"



Sooky: "He don't wanna come, do he?"
Skippy: "Course he don't. What ya should ought to do is to take the tail off'n him."



"Me an' Pop was thinkin' o' sawin it off."
"Aw, they don't saw 'em off, they bite 'em off."



"Listen, Sooky, do me a favor — bite off the dog's tail now."



"Why should I bite the tail off'n him?"
"Oh! Maybe I should do it, huh? I should bite your dog's tail off!"



"Let's not fight, Sooky. I'm only doin' what's right. Just bite it off and you'll have a thoroughbred."
"I wish I could get me noive up."



"That's easy! Just close your eyes and think of a chocolate eclair — nothing can be sweeter than that."



"How's it coming, Sooky?"



Kerchoo! Ker-choo!
"It's still on."



"Oh, no wonder. Ya ain't got any front teeth!"



Arnold Roth

a cartoonist who is
an authority on old
burlesque—



—as well as an au-
thority on new bur-
lesque—



—having thoroughly
investigated this art
form through much
personal and pains-
taking research, has
taken on this very
appropriate assign-
ment—



—Since Burlesque is
dying and Art lives
forever, we rushed
Arnold out—quick!
quick! to the CASINO
EAST Theatre, off-
Broadway, to see a
musical satire, THIS
WAS BURLESQUE.



And if we didn't
know it was a musi-
cal off-Broadway sa-
tire, we'd swear it
was a plain old Bur-
lesque. In any case,
Arnold returned with
this sketch book of
studies — a record
for posterity, of—



THE
LAST
DAYS
OF
BUR-
LESQUE

- continued -

You
and your
cow pasture
short cuts.





SIDNEY POITIER BOBBY DARIN IN *PRESSURE POINT*



Commander Rockwell
thinks you'd make a
good mascot.



Harry, I've taken
off my glasses. Do you
like me better now?



It's
only a
flesh wound,
if you know
what I
mean.



TINA LOUISE IN *THE ENGLISH PATIENT*



I don't
stay unless
Ingmar
Bergman
directs!

BASIL RATHBONE IN
THE MAGIC SWORD



And what's more, three people
on this job isn't featherbedding.



Well,
it's a
living.



Lie down,
Barry.

HELP'S SATIRE SHOPPE

A COLLECTION OF ITEMS RANGING FROM THE INANE TO THE ABSURD AND BACK



CIGARETTE CASE AND LIGHTER AUTOMATIC

You level the automatic at her belly! Her eyes plead with you. You slowly squeeze the trigger. Zap! The top flies open revealing a cache of cigarettes. Now her eyes hold fear. You squeeze the trigger again. Snik! The barrel spits flame and you light her Marlboro. "It's no use, Doris," you murmur, "I'm sending you over." You pocket your persunder, turn up the collar of your trenchcoat, and disappear into the dusk.
(for regular) 2.95
(for king) 3.95

BOOKS TO LAUGH BY



FAST ACTING **HELP!** is now in its glorious second printing and in at least as great demand as the Book of the Dead. For as little as 35¢.

Harvey Kurtzman's **SECOND HELP!** is now available to the literate few at discriminating newsstands everywhere for as little as 35¢.

TWO KURTZMAN CLASSICS
Harvey Kurtzman was never a funnier, though God knows he's tried. Both **HUMBUNG DIGEST** and **THE JUNGLE BOOK** for \$1.00



THE UNEARTHLY BLACK BOX



There it sits. Quiet, sinister, waiting. The switch is thrown to On. There is a grinding of gears. The box vibrates as though gripped by a demonic spirit. Good Lord! The lid is slowly rising... and from beneath it is emerging... a hand! The hand seizes the switch and pushes it to the bangs shut! Fabulous, you say? Incredible! Extraordinary! It's nothing, really... \$4.98

DOLLS MY MOTHER NEVER GAVE ME



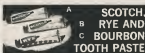
DOLL BOOK

Tired of playing house with the same old dolls. hmmm? Well, Mr. Business, Executive, here's a book chock full of out-of-the-ordinary dolls to play with. They're brand new, just out of the Dollery you might say. You wind them up and they do something. What they do makes "DOLLS MY MOTHER NEVER GAVE ME" just the thing to have when you don't feel like playing with ordinary dolls. \$1.50.

HELP! BELT



If you're the guy people say about, "Oh, that's only Sherman," this is just what you've been needing. This **HELP!** belt will make a new man of you. It'll give you a steely gaze, firm grip, broad shoulders and curly hair. It'll even hold your pants up. What more can you ask? The **HELP!** buckle is made of 1" case-hardened steel with just a dab of Krypton for luck. The belt is of 1" top quality elastic. Order this to individual size and you won't regret it. "Some guy that Sherman," they'll say. "He's got savoir-faire, he's got poise. He's a bad case of the conchance. He's got....." \$2.25.



You're the slave of your body. You spend half your life feeding it and cleaning it. Take your teeth, for instance. Think of the time you waste cleaning them every day. Well, with **Scotch, Rye and Bourbon Tooth Paste** you can now make tooth-cleaning time living time. Sing barroom tunes as you brush. Try it with a cheater of Vodka and mouth wash. \$1.00 each/\$2.75 for all 3

ELECTRIC SAMOVAR

Stands 16 1/2" high, comes complete with gleaming metal spigot, white vinyl cord and lid. In debt bias for the girls and Spartan white for boys. \$10.95 plus \$1.50 for postage and handling. An electric Ceramic Samovar just like mother used to use to make tea for her Communist cell in Boise.



HELP! TIE TACK & CUFF LINKS



Every magazine has tie tacks and cuff links, so why not us? Let the world know. Shout from your cufflinks! From your tie tacks! **Help! Help! Help!** After you send us the money, shout til the tack—\$1.25
Cuff links—\$1.50
Complete set—\$2.50

BRAND "X" CIGARETTES



It was inevitable and here it is Brand "X" — the cigarette for the man who is satisfied with nothing less than second best. It costs a little more but it gives you so much taste. No exclusive blends or secret ingredients. Make it less than ideal gift too. Smoke the cigarette that takes all the pain. \$5.00 per carton.



CUFF LINKS & TIE TACK

They look absolutely real—and you'll have a tough time convincing friends they aren't. You see... they are real. Hand-molded and hand-finished by a European family that's been doing this for over a hundred years. They're enough to sicken anyone. Both cuff links and the tie tack—all for \$3.95.



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These remarkable records bring together for the first time some of the earliest recorded voices of the great personalities who lived and made history in the 1800's and early 1900's. Re-recorded, filtered and amplified, all speak again from the first time on these modern LP albums. Each record \$2.95.



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13 standard strip numbers for those "at home" strip shows. With a real G string absolutely free for nothing. \$4.95

ORIGINAL 1914 CIRCUS POSTERS

These original posters portray the "remarkable" feats of that day which some of you old rascals probably remember. Big (some 3 ft. wide, others 3 ft. high), handsome posters were hand-printed in as many as 9 colors, are striking for den, office and 1914 circuses. Only 200 found in an antique shop. \$1.50 each.



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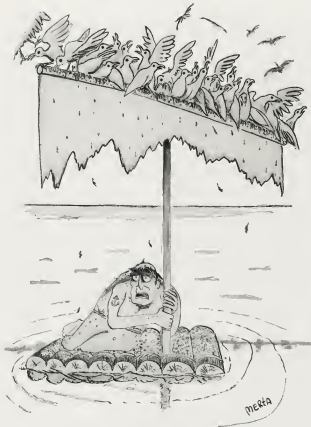
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City _____ Zone _____

State _____



HELP!

For people who need HELP!

HELP! Magazine
Subscription Dept. H-18
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Send HELP! I have enclosed \$2.95 for 9 issues of HELP!

Name

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City Zone State

For people who need HELP! badly.

HELP! Magazine
Back Issues Dept. H-18
Box 6573,
Philadelphia 38, Penna.

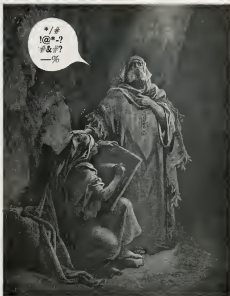
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Name

Address

City Zone State





4 people that swear by HELP!

...and you will too when you look inside.

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